Vol. II.—No. 52. MANCHESTER, Saturday, August 7th. Price One Penny.

Fresh Arrivals of Tea at

J. F. MART'S

ESTABLISHMENTS,

Opposite Town Hall, Salford;

110, Borough Buildings, London Road,

AND

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Congou . . 2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.

Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.

Finest Imported, Rich Pekoe-flavor, 3/- & 3/4.

Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

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MESSRS. MICHAUX & CO. beg to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that for the future

MR. S. DAWSON,

Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,

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Will be their Sole Agent for England for the Sale of their Celebrated Velocipedes.

Purchasers will please observe that MICHAUX & Co. in large letters are on each Machine, without which none are genuine.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
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Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.

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Of every description, in new and choice designs.

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In great variety.

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Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.

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Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

PURE WATER FILTERS at 5s. 6d.
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As Exhibited at the great Exhibition 1851. Silver Prize Medal Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society. Silver Prize Medal Middleton Agricultural Society.

SLACK & BROWNLOW, 1, Victoria-st.

MANCHESTER.

Works: Upper Medlock-street Hulme.

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To WINE it is a fact that many persons are pleased if they can say "We import our own." They have an impression that by so doing they not only get it cheaper but purer; and, besides, there is the honour of importing. They overlook altogether that those Foreign Dealers who seek them out are quite aware of this amiable weakness, and do not fail to take advantage of it to add some shillings to the price. To assist the impression they judiciously insinuate that their article is purer than what usually comes to England, and thus they lull that desire for comparison which would soon dispel the delusion.

These remarks apply specially to

GERMAN WINES,

And, in proof of them, we would ask those Gentlemen who buy such Wines to compare our

STILL HOCK AT

20s. with their own importing at 24s.
24s. Do. do. ,, 28s.
33s. Do. do. ,, 36s.
42s. Do. do. ,, 46s. to 48s.
48s. Do. do. ,, 54s. to 60s.

SPARKLING HOCK AND MOSELLE.

36s. Do. do. ,, 42s.
48s. Do. do. ,, 54s. to 60s.
60s. & 65s. Do. do. ,, 66s. to 80s.

Even supposing the value to be equal, there is this advantage in buying here, that any quantity can be got when wanted; whereas, in importing, a quantity of money is locked up, probably for years, in an article not of every day consumption.

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WINE MERCHANTS,

26, Market Street, Manchester.
11, Lord Street, Liverpool.
28, High Street, Birmingham.

THE TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER will destroy cockroaches, beetles, and crickets sooner and more effectually than any other preparation ever offered to the public. It is perfectly harmless to dogs or cats, as they will not touch it. The following is one out of a number of testimonials which the proprietor has received:—

"25, Carnarvon-street, Cheetham Hill Road,
"Manchester, April 29th, 1869.

"Mr. E. Griffiths Hughes.—Sir,—The effect of your tropical beetle powder is really marvellous. I laid some down one night, and the next morning the floor was fairly covered with cockroaches, dead and dying. I may say there were hundreds of them. After applying it three times, we were quite free from them.—Yours very truly,

"JAMES MILNER."

Manufactured by E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester; and sold by all chemists, in 6d. and 1s packets.

MAYER'S New Patent GASOGENES, for making half gallon of Soda Water, price 25s.

FIRST ARRIVAL IN THE CITY.

Just received, a Consignment of the

Australian Meat Company's

READY-COOKED

MUTTON & BEEF,

SOLD WITHOUT BONE,

In 2, 4, and 6lb. TINS,

BY

J. W. COTT, FAMILY GROCER,

276, DEANSGATE.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

WEDDING BREAKFASTS

BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by

MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,

ST. MARY'S GATE,

In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

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MILITARY TAILOR

AND

HATTER,

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JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

DIRECTORY.

[In the case of those names which are marked with an asterisk (*) a more detailed advertisement appears in another column.]

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*ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Belle Vue.
*POMONA GARDENS, Cornbrook.

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*MORRIS and BROWN, 13, South King-street.

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*McCANEY and Co. 17, James-street, Smithfield Market, and 205, City Road.

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*PARKER and SON, St. Mary's Gate.

FILTERS.

*W. ELLIOTT and Co. Cheetham, and 7, Todd-street, Corporation-street.
*SLACK and BROWNLOW, 1, Victoria-street; Works: Upper Medlock-street.

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*J. W. SCOTT, 276, Deansgate.

HATTERS.

*JAMES GEE, 13, Market-street.
*R. HUSBAND, 35, Market-street, and Oldham-street.

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*R. H. GIBSON, 90, to 96, Stretford Road, and 78, Oldham-street.

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*YORKSHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Agent: John Nelson, 61, Piccadilly.

IRONMONGERS.

*SHILLITO and SHORLAND, 160 to 164, Stretford Road.

INDIA RUBBER MANUFACTURERS.

*H. STATHAM and Co. 11, Corporation-street.

JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

*T. ARMSTRONG and BROTHER, 88, Deansgate.
*HENRY PIDDUCK, 24, St. Ann's Square.
*R. WALMSLEY, 129, Oldham-street.

MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN.

*G. R. ALLINSON, 54 and 54a, High-street.

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*Patent Corkscrew: GEORGE TWIGG, 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.
*Teacher of Swimming: POULTON, Leaf-street Baths.
*Porpoise-skin Boot Laces: GILL and Co., 12, Brewer-street, Golden-Square, London.
*Tropical Beetle Powder: E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester.
*Tic Doloreux Pills: JONES'S, 149, Chapel-street, Salford.
*Carriage Manufacturer: J. H. SMITH, Victoria-street, Congleton.
*Boot and Shoe Warehouse: C. ROLLINSON, Beehive, 162, Deansgate, Manchester.

OUTFITTERS.

*JOHN CAVANAGH, 11, Oxford-street.

PAPER HANGINGS.

*CORNELIUS SHIERS, 84, Shudehill.

RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.

*To Matlock.—MIDLAND RAILWAY Co. Every Saturday.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

*J. G. KERSHAW and Co. 37, Oxford-street.

SEWING MACHINES.

*W. GARNER, Park Works, Park-street, near Ducie Bridge.
*JOHN HOWE, 3, St. Mary's Gate, ("Howe" and "Ariel" Machines.)
*"FLORENCE" LOCK STITCH, 19 and 21, Blackfriars-street, corner of Deansgate.
*GROVER and BAKER'S, 67, Oldham-street.—J. Hodgson, Agent.

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*MOTTERSHEAD and Co. 1, Market Place.

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*SHIRLEY and HILL, 52, Market-street.
*WILLIAM JAMES WRIGHT, 58, Lower King-street.
*Mc CONNELL & FRASER, City Buildings, Corporation-street.

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*HARGRAVES, 44, Swan-street, and 2 to 10, Mason-street.

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*JOSEPH HALEY, 10, Corporation-street, Ducie Bridge.
*MICHAUX and Co. Agent: S. Dawson, 56, Deansgate.
*ANDREW MUIR, Victoria Bridge Works, Salford.
*NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY, Free Trade Hall.
*S. and J. PRESTWICH, 13, Marsden Square; Works: Farnworth, near Bolton.
*JOSEPH WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly: (also Perambulators and Invalids' Carriages.)
*KERSHAW'S, Store-street, Ancoats.

WINDOW BLINDS.

*J. HAYWARD, 5, John Dalton-street.

WINE MERCHANTS.

*JAMES SMITH and COMPANY, 26, Market-street, Manchester; 11, Lord-street, Liverpool; 28, High-street, Birmingham.
*J. STOCKS and Co. 126, Broad-street, Pendleton, and 266, Stretford Road.

The charges for insertion in the Directory, which are extremely moderate, may be ascertained by post, or on personal application to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford-street, Manchester.

NOTICE.

THE attention of Parents and others is requested to a PATENTED IMPROVEMENT in HOODS for PERAMBULATORS & INVALID CARRIAGES, which is a simple contrivance for raising or lowering the hood of such vehicles, and dispenses with the use of the strap ordinarily used. This invention may be applied at a small cost to any vehicle; is cheaper than anything which has preceded it, and is warranted for two years, the same as all Carriages sold at this establishment.

JOS. WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly, Manchester.

VELOCIPEDES constructed on the best principle, usually charged £10, selling at £7. 10.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

SHILLITO AND SHORLAND,
Ironmongers and Gas Fitters,
IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,
Owing to the great increase of their business, have taken the large and extensive Premises,
160, 162, and 164,
STRETFORD ROAD,
lately occupied by JOHN VERTEGANS and Co., Ironmongers (Limited), where will be found a large and well selected STOCK, at the Lowest Prices for Cash.

☞ Price Lists on application.

All kinds of Repairs promptly attended to.

J. HAYWARD,

(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)

Window Blind Manufacturer

5, JOHN DALTON STREET,
MANCHESTER.

Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

JONES'S TIC-DOLOREUX PILLS
Invaluable for the relief and cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Ague, Erysipelas, Comsumption, Nervous Disorders, &c. Sold in Boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., & 2s. 9d. Post free for 9, 15 and 36 stamps. Sole proprietor: JAMES JONES, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 149, Chapel Street. Salford.
Agents: Woolley, 69, Market-st., Manchester; J. Wheeldon, 217, Stockport-rd.; T. Bushby, Stockport-rd.; J. Whitehead, Tamworth-st., Hulme; T. Morris, Farnworth; and others.

JAMES HOYLE SMITH,

COACH-BUILDER, CONGLETON,

CHESHIRE,

Exhibited his celebrated Novelty, which forms Five distinct Carriages, viz.: as Vis-a-vis, to drive from the inside. Ditto for Coachman. Ditto Close Carriage, with or without Driving Seat. Ditto Barouche Head.

The only maker in England. 4 shapes £150. 5 shapes £180.

ALSO HIS

ELECT, OR LADIES' DOG CART,

Hung low, and easy of access, suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY,

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY beg to announce that they have **OPENED** the immense basement of the **FREE TRADE HALL,** for the **SALE** and **HIRE** of their Patent Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, the "VELOX," which is cheaper, and in many respects better than those of other makers. The National Velox Company also HIRE Velocipedes, by the hour, to the general public, at a small charge. Gentlemen who have bought other makers' Velocipedes, and require practice, will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity, as they will have a perfectly level floor, great space, allowing the highest possible speed to be attained, and seclusion.

☞ *At the Athletic Festival gentlemen who ran second and third both rode on Velocipedes manufactured by the National Velox Co.*

In order to keep the attendance select, the NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY charge Sixpence for admission, which is returnable to those hiring Velocipedes.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

Patronised by HER MAJESTY and their Royal Highnesses PRINCE & PRINCESS of Wales.

NICOLL'S

TRICHANOPHRON

Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

HAIR RESTORED & BALDNESS PREVENTED BY

NICOLL'S

ELECTRIC HAIR REGENERATOR.

One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

PREPARED BY

NICOLL,

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NICOLL'S

GOLDEN TINCTURE,

For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

NICOLL'S

CELEBRATED DEPILATORY,

For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

NICOLL'S

CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.

Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.

Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.

Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING SUMMER BEVERAGES can be made at home, with the

NEW PATENT GAZOGENE,

PRICE 10s.

MOTTERSHEAD & CO., 1, MARKET PLACE.

(Wholesale and Retail.)

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK.

H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,

H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.

H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.

H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

VELOCIPEDES of the best construction and workmanship, at JOSEPH HALEY'S, Machinist, 10, Corporation-st., Ducie Bridge, Manchester.

THE

Globe Parcel Express,

127a, MARKET STREET.

PARCELS & PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY to ALL PARTS of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

GOODS and PARCELS forwarded per Mail and other Steamers or Sailing Vessels to India, China, Australia, United States, Canada, and all other parts of the World.

Every Saturday, Price One Penny.

THE SPHINX,

A Journal of Humour and Criticism, Art, Music, the Drama, Literature, Society, and Current Events.

The *Sphinx* is published every Friday at noon. The earlier numbers (1 to 32) are out of print. Copies of Nos. 33 to 40 may be had on application to the publishers and printers, Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford-street.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS during MAY and JUNE.

THE CLUBS OF MANCHESTER:—
1. The Conservative.
2. The Union.
3. The Albert.
4. The Clarendon.
5. The Freemasons'.

HOLIDAY NOTES:—
1. Wastdale and Christopher North.
2. The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).
3. A Walk to Rostherne.
4. Ambleside, and Hartley Coleridge.
5. Disley and Lyme Hall.
6. Paris as seen by a Manchester Man. Chap. I–II.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MANCHESTER STAGE:—
1. Actors and Managers.
2. Jim Browne: Marie Wilton.
3. The Leclercqs and the Paynes.

CHURCHES AND PREACHERS:—
The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
A Morning with the Unitarians (Rev. W. Herford).
A Morning with the Swedenborgians (Rev. J. Hyde).
Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
A Children's Chapel.
Whit-Sunday at St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse).
The Stowell Memorial Church.
Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).

THE DRAMA:—
After Dark at the Royal.
The Amateur Actors at the Athenæum.
The King o' Scots at the Prince's.
Miss Bateman.
Mr. Bandmann as Hamlet.
Mr. Phelps.
School at the Prince's.
Caste " "

DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS:—
The Conservative Demonstration.
A Bicycle Race in the Free Trade Hall.
Miss Lydia Becker and Mrs. Cassidy.
Good Friday on the Bowdon Line.
Crossing Swords with H.M. Inniskillings.
A Seance with the Spiritualists.
The Bible Christians and their Graveyard.
Greengate.
The Cathedral.
Umbrellas.
Young Lady Friendships.
Whit-week and the Sunday Schools.
Blackballs and Bankers.
Lancashire Worthies: I. John Byrom.
" " II. "
Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
Lords and Commons.
May-Day at Knutsford.
The Cumbrian and Westmoreland Wrestlers.
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Owens College Athletic Sports.
The Flower Show at the Botanical Gardens.
The Derby.
Holidays.
A Parley about "Parlez Vous."
Co-operators in Balloon Street.
Whit-week Holiday-makers.
The Cathedral Organ.
To Erin's Isle. By Edwin Waugh.
Laughter.
A Whit-week Episode.
The County Cricket Match at Old Trafford.
A Legal Farce, in Three Acts.
Cruelty to Animals.
Our New J.P.'s.
The Grammar School: How the Capitation Scheme Works.
Velocipede Contests at the Amphitheatre.
The Poultry Market.

RHYMES, SONGS, AND BALLADS:—
In an Attic.
The Man Himself (Sensation Music Hall Song).
The Happy Days of Childhood.
Sir Wright and the Bey. By our Bab Balladist.
Der Boet's Barty (after Hans Breitmann).
A Good Samaritan.
Scandal-cum-Dip.

TOWN TALK AND MISCELLANIES.

Sphinx Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester.

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13, South King-street, Manchester. D. ALONZO MORRIS. C. J. BROWN.

"Mars ruin'd him; his mother ruin'd me." *Dryden.*

And once a hard and heavy hat
Had almost ruin'd me;
It gall'd—*I* had no doubt of *that*—
I groan'd in misery!

But when Gee's felt lin'd hat I tried,
What bliss, I felt, of ease!
Feeling and taste were satisfied,
For none can equal Gee's!

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA ON HATS

In the press, and shortly will be published, by

JAMES GEE, HATTER,

13, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER,

"A Homily on the Head Coverings of Humanity: Humourous, Æsthetic, and Historical," by the above eminent author.

Sole Agent for Woodrow's Prize Medal Hats.

HENRY PIDDUCK,

Goldsmith, Jeweller, & Silversmith,

24, St. ANN'S SQUARE,

Invites an inspection of his Modern and Elegant

FINE GOLD JEWELLERY,

DIAMOND and GEM RINGS,
Bracelets, Brooches, Ear-rings, Lockets, &c.
FINE GOLD ALBERT and GUARD CHAINS,
Quite new, and best quality.
GOLD and SILVER WATCHES,
All Warranted.
SILVER TEA and COFFEE EQUIPAGES,
Salvers, Inkstands, Goblets, Card Cases, Trowels, Fish Carvers, Cruet Frames, Dessert Knives and Forks, &c.
NEW SILVER SPOONS & FORKS, 7/4 per oz.
Electro Silver Plated Goods, in great variety. Elegant Drawing-room and Dining-room Clocks.

S. & J. PRESTWICH

BEG to call the attention of Intending Purchasers of VELOCIPEDES to their PATENT PRIZE MEDAL MACHINE, which combines the best possible material and workmanship, with thorough stability.—Can be seen, and other particulars obtained,

At 13, MARSDEN SQUARE;

Or at their Works, Farnworth, near Bolton.

BUTTER! BUTTER! BUTTER!

McCANEY & CO.,

17, JAMES-ST., SMITHFIELD MARKET,

And 205, CITY ROAD, offer the best

NEW GRASS IRISH BUTTER

At 10d., 11d., and 1s. per lb.

EGGS and POULTRY of the freshest and choicest description, at prices much cheaper than any other house in Manchester. Wholesale and retail customers meet with every attention.

FRESH ARRIVALS DAILY.

Royal Agricultural Society's and Royal Horticultural Society's,

GRAND SHOW,

OLD TRAFFORD.

THE

WATER

Used in the Refreshment Departments is purified by

W. ELLIOTT & CO.'S

Carbon Water Filters,

Prices from 5s. 6d.,

CHEETHAM FILTER WORKS, CHEETHAM, and 7, TODD STREET, CORPORATION STREET.

ALL WATER SHOULD BE

FILTERED.

G. R. ALLINSON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the piece at Wholesale Prices, (54 & 54a, High

BELL'S LIFE.

A SMART and not uninstructed critic in the *Fortnightly Review* defends himself from an imputed charge of ignorance of painting by declaring that such a charge would go for little. "I do not presume," says he, "to be able to cut out and make a pair of trousers, but I do presume to know when they are well made." So of *Bell's Life*. We may declare, with conscious pride, that in the horsey, racing age of "manly sport" we are not sporting men; and yet we can criticise them. We save ourselves with a *caveat*. We are fond of shooting, riding, rowing, and sailing, but we are not fond of assuming to know more than we do know, and we hate book-makers and professional betting men. We would, if we could, put the whole "ring" into one —nobleman greedy of money, little snob greedy of tips, baggy-breeched groom greedy of cheating, and brown-faced cockney greedy of sweeping everything into his pocket, and happy to ruin his own father so that he could make a "fiver" by his ruin, and the bawling, big-boned, big-faced "betting" man, ready to bet against anything and always for himself.

Forty years ago a wild author, of no school at all, wrote a book called *Tom and Jerry, or Life in London*, and Robert and George Cruikshank illustrated it. There was Corinthian "Tom," and such lovely and unlovely specimens of humanity. They went behind the scenes, and saw fast life in its coarsest way, knocked down and maimed the old "Charleys" who were watchmen of seventy or thereabouts, and fair game, without doubt, for stalwart young gentlemen of twenty-five or thirty, and, having disgraced humanity and all true manliness, married virtue and inherited large fortunes. Alas! the blind hearts of men if this were Life. The illustrations were worthy of the text: gross exaggerations, twisted and contorted forms, not caricatures, but ugly monstrosities. We have improved even in vice; the follies of our fathers would now be laughed at and despised. But the *Tom and Jerry* style of things was still extant when, thirty-five years ago, the paper about which we are writing issued its first number. When *Bell's Life in London* began, the "noble sport" of smashing each other's faces into pulp, for money, without pluck or skill, or anything but endurance, was the fashion. The young swells were called "Bloods," and sported kneecords or box-bottom trousers, and the state of life—presuming a stupid and causeless intoxication of spirit can be called life—was in vogue, such as is described by Mr. Charles Dickens in *Pickwick*. Dickens liked the matter so much that, when he was called in to write to Seymour's sketches of the Pickwick Club, he was so wildly pleased that he has not forgotten the exaggeration. Old Weller, who will walk five abreast down Fleet Street with four other twenty stone coachmen, Sam, who is so handy with his "fins," and always ready to fight the beadle, Mr. Bob Sawyer and Joe Allen, always ready to get drunk and to rush out to patients with wet towels round their heads, Mr. Jingle, and others, are the types of that age which is gone by—thank God!

Bell's Life was a sporting chronicle, and England was a sporting nation. Certain creatures calling themselves authors wrote for it, and reported on Aquatics, Pigeon-shooting, Cricket, the Ring, the Theatre, and other amusements. The Turf came in for its share, but, in the days of Crib and Molyneux, the Ring was the great attraction, and to the sweet allurements of a bloody set-to *Bell* often added a comic illustration. Those were the days when *Punch* was not, and John Leech and Gilbert a'Beckett were equally out of elbow and in want. Leech, who could not draw a bit in those days, was supplemented by Kenney Meadows, who drew like wood, and each of these artists delighted to picture vulgar life with a good deal of humour in it. Thus was formed *Bell's Gallery of Comicalities*. Dustmen—literary dustmen—and dwellers in Fives Court were seen swilling porter, or enjoying a friendly set-to; a fond parent was instructing his two little boys to delight in snarling and fighting, and crying "bless you, it's a picter to see them boys handlin' o' their little daddles." The wooden Kenney Meadows on his part contributed certain sketches of heads of the Coachman, the Cook, the Footman, the Carpenter, and the like; and these are so liney and hard that we are quite right in calling them wooden indeed! Underneath these were equally inartistic verses, by the inchoate Dowling, the editor of the *Life*. We need not say that our uncles and fathers, when very young men, thought these profoundly funny. From these wooden and dumb efforts at art came the celebrated *Heads of the People*, illustrated by the same wooden artist, and written up to by Jerrold, Thackeray, Hood, and the best men in that way of the day. These have been again and again reissued; the prose is incisive enough, but in a bad style, without simplicity, and it swells out, and is found strutting at every kind word. From the woodcuts of these admirable sketches a sheet was made up, every Christmas or so, called *Bell's Gallery of Comicalities*, and thus, in its way, gave a suggestion towards the establishment of our wooden-illustrated papers. In Paris, the *Heads of the People* was paralleled by a more artistic work, *Les Français Peints par Eux-mêmes*.

We have as yet said little about the paper, because little can be said about it. It was and is a chronicle of the nothings of the day, honestly done—perhaps. How one poor mis-instructed wretch pummelled another wretch's life out, and how a ring of "noble lords" and country gentlemen, or, in truth, publicans and cockneys, sat round and applauded, how Jimmy Shaw held his ratting match, and Pip the game 'un put on the mufflers with the Piccadilly Spider, how Pug-nosed Billy and Stevey Duffers were taken before the beak for cocking, and how that noble gentleman, the very antithesis of Bayard, the Marquis of Waterford, employed the Chicken to break the ribs and blacken the eyes of policemen—all this may be read here. How the Banstead Filly ran nearly a mile a minute, and Mr. Brutal's celebrated trotting pony was trotted till he died; how another noble sportsman, who would cheat a cabman of his fare, generously gave the man a guinea to drink a bottle of old rum, and how the man fell dead—are not these the chronicles and the natural out-comes of *Bell's Life in London*. During all this time the Genius Dowling wielded the editorial pen, and some other genius sat at the paste-pot and scissors. Bell, if ever Bell were, must have made a fortune, for advertisements of money-lenders, quack medicines, tipsters, stallions, sales of horses, and so forth, produce money as naturally as a blow-fly produces grubs. But a change has come over *Bell's Life*. It is evidently much more respectable. Lower prints, *Tissues*, *Lifes*, *Turfs*, *Turfites*, and other vermin have cleared the way for *Bell*. As for the Ring, it hardly exists here. Our friend has to go over to California for a fight, and amidst the cut-throats and rowdies of that place, the style peculiar to sporting life exists in full force. Here is a cutting from a recent issue descriptive of a fight in California:—

> Both were quick to time. Joe tried hard to get in his left mauler on Looney's ribs, but the latter was away, and got in a hard blow over Joe's blinker, when they closed, and the Cornishman was thrown, Looney falling heavily upon him. 100 dollars to 80 offered on Looney, with no takers.
>
> Looney got in a light blow on his antagonist's peeper, which began to show signs of distress. Joe again went for Ed.'s ribs, but received another tap on his damaged peeper, when he closed, and was again heavily thrown. Foul claimed by Welch for Ed., but not allowed. It now seemed that Looney's science, superior quickness, and advantage in reach were too much for Rogers. Joe seemed unable to do what his friends expected.

You see that it is but a faint glow of the thing. Once we used to have "tater-traps," "daylights," "ivories," and other symbolical words. To strike a man over his mouth so that the flesh flew, the teeth broke, the lips puffed up and obliterated the mouth, the jaw fell and the blood poured from gums, chin, and nostrils, was called "visiting your friend on the *kisser*," and so on. This symbolism is natural enough, for if one were to write, as did Nicholas Woods, of the *Times*, a report of a prize fight in plain language, the world would be horrified. Blood is claret, and more vulgar words are called in by "the fancy;" a blow which closes the thorax, damages the wind-pipe and throttles the victim is called a "rum 'un on the gobber." Fights, however watchful are the police, seem still to continue. Here are two challenges from a recent issue:—

> Ted Marston is prepared to fight Tom Aspinall (both of Moor-street) or Little Smith, for £25 or £50 a side. Ted Marston will be at Jonathan Faucham's, Cup Inn, Stafford-street, from seven till nine every evening, prepared to make a match and draw up articles.

Kenny (the Shoeblack), seeing a challenge from Napper to fight the winner between Kenny and Critchley, if Kenny wins he can consider himself matched, for £50 or £100 a side, at 9st. 4lb., and will meet him half way between Liverpool and London.

The latter is not very grammatical, but one can understand that the Shoeblack is ready for Napper. A standing advertisement in the *Life* is this, which proves that a love for our old brutalities still exists:—

FISTIANA; or, The Oracle of the Ring. Containing the Results of Prize Battles from 1700 to December 1868, alphabetically arranged. Old and New Rules of the Ring, Form of articles, Duties of Seconds, &c.; Hints on Sparring and Boxing, with method of Training. Published at *Bell's Life* Office; and sold by all booksellers.

Even in reports of Cricket, slang and symbolism abound. Here is a bit cut hap-hazard from a report of a match at Lords:—

At length, however, a *shooter* took his off-stump after he had *troubled* the Oxonians to a *rare tune*; nine for 89. Mr. Wilson *whipped* in the Cambridge team, and after Mr. Brune had made a couple of *singles*, the last *comer* placed a ball right into *short-slip's* hands. The innings closed at 4.35, for 91 runs.

Common English is not good enough for these great men. Taking a bat is called "handling the willow," and a miserable *argot* pervades the whole thing. But *Bell* has fallen upon evil days. The roughs who are now eating up the Turf have killed the Ring. Blackguardism rampant "nobbled" the late Dowling—editor Dowling, who dared to tell the truth as umpire—and, as throttling does not agree with editors, Dowling declared off that brutishness. And now the police are routing out those robbery boxes called betting offices, and the "ads." of *Bell's Life* will suffer. Notices to quit, and of the discontinuance of the betting business appear in its pages, and at last Mr. Mansfield, the magistrate, has told the police that if they bring up the betting men of low calibre they must also bring up Tattersall's company as well. So there is mourning amongst the bookmakers, and misery with the loafers, who cannot work or beg and dare not steal, and therefore live by sport!

Adieu, shade of Dowling; adieu, learned Moriarty, who translated *Pickwick* into German, and reported dozens of tournaments of the fist; adieu, Tom Littleton Holt, Captain Seedybuck, Lieutenant Spavin, and the lot. Our pen is tired, and we are sick of *Life in London*.

WHITEBAIT WITH HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS.

THE newspapers inform us that the usual Ministerial Whitebait Dinner was not held, or rather eaten, this year, owing to the state of Mr. Gladstone's health. We happen to have received a different story, to the effect that, although the Premier was not present, the members of the Government had a jollification on their own account, at the Trafalgar, Greenwich. Through the courtesy of one who was present we have been supplied with an account of the proceedings, but the document is written with such a shaky and unsteady hand, as if certain potent influences had been at work, that we have had some trouble in deciphering it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer presided. The prize for best attendance during the past session was awarded to Mr. W. E. Forster; but, instead of the usual penny mug instituted by Sir Robert Peel, the hon. gentleman was presented with the fac-simile of his own mug, as delineated by the clever artist who "does" the series of caricatures in *Vanity Fair*, and which are to be seen in Mr. Bohanna's shop window in Market Street.

Mr. Lowe proposed the health of the Premier, whom he eulogised as a statesman and a scholar, although, between themselves, he considered himself more than his equal in both capacities. Still, the review of *Ecce Homo*, and the *Juventus Mundi* were creditable performances. He congratulated his colleagues in having retained their places, and having got rid of the Irish Church, of which he, for one, was heartily sick. For his own part, he had been so busy dividing the year into five quarters, and doing a little hanky-panky in raising the revenue, that he had paid very little attention to what was called the great work of the session. Next year he hoped to be able to convince the public that two and two made six; he was prepared to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, and prove that the moon was made of cream cheese. The Trojan horse was still out at grass, and he had eschewed Latin during the session, but he must congratulate the President of the Board of Trade upon his debut as a classical scholar (laughter from Argyll). He was glad to see that the noble Duke had a laugh left in him after the mauling which he had received from Salisbury.

Mr. Bright fully reciprocated the sentiments of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Although this was the first ministerial feed which he had attended, he was not altogether unappreciative of the good things of this life and the pleasures of gastronomy, as the member for Rochdale had put him up to a thing or two. Neither did he despise social gatherings, and he had all his life been a member of the Society of Friends. It was true that he had lately been furbishing up his Latin, as he didn't exactly see why the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have a monopoly of that language. He was opposed to all monopolies. He intended to go on with his studies, and next year he should be prepared with *Timeo Danaos*, and *Palmam qui meruit ferat*. (Hear, hear, from Argyll.) The noble Duke appreciated his remarks, and he must compliment his grace on his encounter in another place, of which his noble friend was one of the few who were not possessed of "unwisdom," if he might be permitted to quote himself. No doubt if he (Mr. Bright) was a Scotchman, like his friend opposite (Mr. Baxter), he would be prepared, from his own natural and personal experience, to exclaim "God bless the Duke of Argyll." When he considered the way in which invariably the noble Duke came to the rescue of the noble Lord (Granville), when he was hard pressed by those bandits, Derby, Cairns, and Salisbury, he thought the Government were deeply indebted to the Secretary for India, a shop which he (Mr. Bright) might have had if he liked, but he knew better, and preferred the feather-bed vacated by his friend Milner Gibson. Whenever Granville was in a hole, his noble friend came to the rescue, and helped to pull him out. In fact, whenever there was a shindy going on, he was as ready to take part in it as his ancestors, the Campbells, in their clan fights and cattle robberies. It reminded him of a passage from Scripture, when Isaac went out to meet Rachel,

Goschen.—"Rebekah!"

Mr. Bright.—"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. (Laughter.) When Isaac went out to meet Rebekah, he lifted up his eyes and saw, and behold the 'Cawmels' were coming."

Hartington—"O Lord!"

Mr. Bright appealed to Mr. Baxter and the Lord Advocate whether his pronunciation of the Duke's family name was not correct. He begged the noble Marquis not to be profane. The Premier should be apprized of everything which took place. Between himself (Mr. Bright), the noble Marquis, and the Post, of which he was the well-paid Master, he would remark that they did not want any "Skittles" sharping there. (Loud laughter.) They had had already quite enough of that sort of thing. He would remind the noble Marquis, in the words of the poet, that

> Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You touch the flower, its bloom is shed:
> Or, like a snow flake on the river,
> A moment white, then gone for ever.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had alluded to his celebrated five quarters trick, and other jugglery. He advised the Home Secretary, while his hand was in with the betting men, to keep a sharp look out upon his colleague. Mr. Lowe had stated that the Trojan horse was still out at grass, but he (Mr. Bright) had his own suspicions upon that subject. Certain stable secrets had come to his knowledge, of which he would avail himself when he thought fit. Possibly, if they kept a look out upon the Birmingham papers, they might see a letter some day which would let a little day-light into them.

Goschen.—"Two to vun on that."

Hartington.—"How often?"

Goschen.—"Vonsh."

Mr. Bright hoped that Mr. Bruce would see that no "plunging" took place. The Right Hon. Je— (laughter), the right hon. gentleman was no doubt great at figures and at calculating the odds. Like Nathaniel, he was an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile (loud laughter), but, continued Mr. Bright, "My right hon. friend, the President of the Poor Law Board, professes to understand the theory of the Exchanges, and has published a book upon the subject. It has the reputation of being a work of considerable merit, and is understood to be the reason why the right hon. gentleman is, where he is, in the Land of Goschen. I attempted to read that work myself, but must confess that I fell asleep over it. So far as I am concerned, I am prepared to give and take, and as a consistent supporter of free trade principles, I admit at once that exchange is no robbery. After his pilgrimage in the

wilderness, I trust the right hon. gentleman enjoys the flesh-pots of office, and the milk and honey of the promised land. I have to thank you, my Lords and gentlemen, for the favourable hearing you have given me. Since my accession to office, I candidly admit that I find many of you better fellows than I took you for. As for myself, I hope you find that I am not altogether vile. To use a metaphor appropriate to the occasion, I may say that I am now a seasoned cask, and care little for the abuse of opponents, Saturday revilers, and what my late friend, Tom Livesey, of Rochdale, who wore corduroy trousers, called 'a servile press.' (Laughter from Mr. Cardwell.) I tell the right hon. Secretary for War, that Alderman Livesey's corduroy was quite as good as the right hon. gentleman's parliamentary fustian. When I return to Ore Ash, I shall look back with feelings of pleasure upon this festive occasion." The right hon. gentleman was loudly cheered at the conclusion of his speech, and immediately sat down upon the President of the Poor Law Board.

Earl GRANVILLE must join in the chorus of congratulations at the termination of the session. He could assure them that it had nearly been the death of him, and he hoped to have no more of such troublesome subjects sent up-stairs again. He had not had one single day with the buck hounds last season, and what with Derby and Cairns in his front, Salisbury on his flank, and Lord Grey in the rear, with a horrible attack of gout, and a young wife at home, he scarcely knew whether he stood on his head or his heels. He should be very glad to hand over the leadership of the House to any one who would take it. Sometimes during the session, he had fervently wished that instead of being a Cavendish, he could have changed places with one of his own colliers.

The Earl of CLARENDON, who spoke with his eternal cigar in his hand, and took an occasional puff at it, said the session had proved one thing, that a Liberal Government could be carried on without either Russell, or Halifax, or a Grey being members of it. That was a great and startling discovery. He was one of the old Whig school himself, but could adapt himself to circumstances, and it was absolutely necessary that the country should have the benefit either of his services or those of his brother Charles. He congratulated his young friends present, who were new to the service, and he recommended them to follow his example, and stick to it. There was nothing like leather. With regard to foreign affairs, he did not bother himself about them, and thought they were best left to themselves. He had not forgotten the "drifting" previous to the Crimean war, and what a mess they made of it at that time, when he and old Aberdeen were completely hoodwinked. ("Hear, hear," from Mr. Bright.) He understood that cheer, but he could not hold the right hon. gentleman as wholly guiltless in the matter. At least he knew the late Czar's opinion on the subject. Everything at present was toorarooral, but how it would be with France and Germany or America next year, he had not the remotest idea. He had laid in a large stock of regalias, and intended to enjoy the *otium cum dig*. In fact, ever since his daughter had married Lord Derby's son, he had made up his mind to take things easy, and he could appeal to them if he had not carried out his resolution. The Alabama claims were still in abeyance, and for anything he knew or cared, they might remain so. Reverdy Johnson was a well-meaning fellow, but he had made a mess of it, or rather his own government had made a mess of him. As for the new man, he knew very little about him. He believed he had written a book, and they had Shakespere's authority for saying "Motley's the only wear."

After spending a very convivial evening, the party returned to town by special steamer, with youth at the bow and pleasure at the helm, these positions being respectively occupied by Lord Lansdowne and the Marquis of Hartington. Most of the party were "crinibus disjectis."

FROM MARTIAL.

TO AN OBJECTIONABLE ACQUAINTANCE. THE POET'S FARM, AWAY ON THE SABINE HILLS, WAS MORE BLEAK THAN PRODUCTIVE.

Great curiosity you show
The produce of my farm to know.
The crop that yields me most delight
Is this—that you are out of sight.

A MORNING WITH THE BAPTISTS.

[THE REV. H. J. BETTS.]

THE Baptists, as a body, are not numerous in Manchester—numbering at most not many more than two thousand members. They possess eight or nine chapels in the city and the neighbouring borough of Salford, and their head-quarters may be said to be the chapel in Grosvenor Street, a building characteristic of themselves in its modest unpretentious appearance. It was built originally for the use of that section of the society which followed the lead of the late Isaac Crewdson and seceded from the parent body in Mount Street, and is, therefore, of plain edifices one of the plainest. From comparative obscurity it was for a time brought into prominent notice as the scene of the labours of that erratic pulpit genius the Rev. Arthur Mursell. Shooting up into the religious firmament with a brilliancy that dazzled the beholders and for a time eclipsed the brightness of more steady and fixed lights, this reverend gentleman gathered round him crowds of admirers; but it soon became manifest that what was at first mistaken for a new lode-star was not such at all, but a luminous meteor that, doubtless, fulfilled some wise purpose, or did some good work in its own way, but which, when the time came, like all such uncertain brightness, took itself off into space to appear again in another and larger constellation. To him has succeeded the Rev. H. J. Betts, a gentleman who, as a scholar and preacher, affords the very strongest contrast to his predecessor. The whirlwind and the fire have gone from this little sanctuary, and have been followed by something more like the still small voice. To assume the charge of this congregation the Rev. H. J. Betts left the one at Trinity Chapel, Bradford.

When we visited the chapel the other Sunday morning, we found it in the interior a neat, unadorned, comfortably-pewed building, without organ, and but scantily provided with choral aids in the service. As usual in most dissenting chapels of the kind, we found the preacher the centre and almost sole attraction of the place, and him we proceeded at once to study. Most men bear some indications of character in their outward aspect, and, applying the Lavater test in this instance, we came to the conclusion that we had before us a strong, earnest, enthusiastic man. The face of the preacher is cast in a firm puritanical mould, not too severe, but dark, strong, and tender. There is evidence of much intellectual power in the broad massive forehead, and of firmness in the lines of the bearded face. His voice is deep and powerful. He is much given to emphasizing particular words, and in doing so often mouths them in a manner which spoils the effect. In reading the lessons, he gives his hearers a running commentary on what is read, illustrating, confirming, and explaining the passages as he may deem requisite. In conducting the service there is much in his manner which indicates a close sympathy between himself and his congregation. He does not talk over their heads, or at them, but familiarly, yet authoritatively, and as to well-known friends. His prayers are simple, earnest, devout, and sincere in tone. He is evidently much attached to children, since he has arranged that those belonging to his school shall be placed in the galleries on each side of him, and for them he has set apart a special portion of the service in the shape of a children's hymn. This hymn, we found, was selected from a collection compiled and, in a great measure, composed by himself. We are very doubtful of the beneficial results to be obtained from long sermons and services for young children, and do not know how far the children connected with Mr. Bett's congregation may profit from his discourse, but they evidently listen to him with great patience, and are treated by him with marked kindness and gentleness.

From his preaching we should conclude that Mr. Betts is an accomplished Biblical scholar. He assumes in his hearers a perfect faith in the authority of the scriptural message, and, having done this, expounds and interprets in a scholarly way, preaching the truth in the love of it, but using no adornment of language or oratory to make it attractive. One thing is evident from his preaching—his whole soul is in his work. He appears to have implicit faith in the message he has to deliver, a faith which cuts Gordian knots, and is more to the preacher than metaphysics, philosophy, or anything belonging to human science. Though a fluent and ready speaker, the idea to be conveyed is of more importance to him than the form of words in which it is clothed. In this is evidenced his strong earnestness. He seems to be possessed with, and to

positively revel in, the sublime truths he is called upon to teach. This deep subjectiveness of spirit requires sympathy on the part of his hearers, otherwise his sermons are heavy, and difficult to follow. His great forte appears to be theology, and we should imagine his sermons are usually doctrinal. Consequently he can scarcely be termed a popular preacher; but he is none the worse on this account. To judge from what we have heard, we should also imagine his sermons are not of the kind to arouse interest, but to maintain it where it already exists. It might have been the warm, drowsy atmosphere of a summer morning more than any fault of the preacher, but we remarked that, towards the close of a somewhat lengthy discourse, some of his elderly hearers had resigned themselves to slumber. One gentleman near us began well, by taking out his note-book, but ere long this lay disregarded beside him, and, behind a convenient pillar, he nodded oblivious assents to all the preacher's propositions and arguments.

Mr. Betts, we understand, is held in high esteem by his congregation, and is beloved by children. He has a kindly, familiar way of addressing them, and displays considerable tact in their management. To ensure their prompt attendance, he has adopted the wise and novel plan of seating himself in his pulpit five minutes before the time of commencing his sermon, inviting them to be present in their pews along with him. He works hard, not only in his own church, but in open-air services among those who are without. The true end of all religious thought and feeling is that it shall find its outcome in right action, and Mr. Betts not only preaches, but works. We offer no opinion or judgment upon his doctrines or modes of teaching. With "peculiar religious views" concerning baptism, or anything else of the kind, we have nothing to do here, but we believe we are right in recognising in Mr. Betts one who not only preaches, but carries out the pious injunction—"Let your lips say Credo, and your lives Amen."

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE ASSIZES.

JUSTICES Hannen and Hayes are the presiding judges at the present assizes. Mr. Justice Hayes is one of the last batch of judges made. His especial *forte*, as an advocate, was jocularity. Of course, he was a sergeant: sergeants enjoy a monopoly of jocularity. This characteristic still clings to him on the bench, and several happy thoughts and saline sayings have already been reported amongst his judicial dicta. We have no desire to hear police-magistrate's humour from the superior bench, but good wit is never out of place, because it is never in bad taste. We welcome Mr. Justice Hayes's waggish countenance and cheerful ways, especially after the sour visage of the tetchy Lord Chief Baron, whose main object seems to be to render the administration of justice—or what passes for such—as unpleasant as possible to everybody concerned in it. We hope to see Mr. Justice Hayes enjoying Mr. Compton, at the Theatre Royal, some time whilst they are both in the town.

ANOTHER MERCIER IN MANCHESTER.

Anent inordinate music, Mr. H. S. Leigh remarks—

> The charms that soothe a savage breast,
> Have got a *vice versa* fashion,
> Of putting folks who have the best
> Of tempers in an awful passion.

Similarly, painting, which is commonly considered a civilising agency upon barbarians, seems to exercise an opposite influence upon civilians. It appears to be the fashion amongst certain ambitious tyros who are born with an extra number and thickness of skins, as some people are born without the proper quantity, to ingeniously labour to get themselves invited to daub huge canvasses, to be paid for by subscription, and then inflict them on the town. It is not hard to persuade public men to sit for their portraits, but it is not quite so easy to persuade them to pay for them. There is always some difficulty in raising the subscription, and it is not pleasant to the town to be applied to for the deficiency. Nevertheless, this is the course usually adopted—perhaps, because it is so charmingly exemplary of the refining influence which painting exercises upon taste. A second Mercier has arisen; who has painted twenty to thirty figures, which we have the same authority for stating are portraits of certain of our public men as Artemus Ward had for stating that some marks upon his diorama were meant for horses—namely, the fact of the painter's assurance to that effect. And we are certain the assurance of our local painters is as great as that of Artemus's. The council, having been desired to pay for the likenesses, doesn't see it—or the likenesses either. Mr. Tuson, the artist, is accordingly in want of donations. Always glad to patronise the fine arts, we hasten to tender to him—our advice. He injudiciously let fall that if the money were subscribed, the picture should be hung in the town-hall; if not, it should continue in his studio. Let him reverse this arrangement, and declare that if the money is subscribed, the picture shall remain in his studio; and if not, be hung in the town-hall—and the council may reconsider their decision.

A DEFENCE OF THE "HYPOCRITE."

The *Manchester Examiner* has ventured upon a defence of the *Hypocrite*. Not a mere apology for it, but a downright, hearty, unfaltering, unmistakable defence. Remembering that the same journal more than hinted its dislike of the *Grand Duchess*, and expressed its opinion that "a very little of *London Assurance* goes a long way," it is gratifying to observe that it has at length discovered a play to its liking. We have, it seems, been entirely wrong in our interpretation of the character of the *Hypocrite*. Far from being unwholesome and coarse, as we asserted; possessed, as we supposed, of no single feature calculated to make any one happier, or better, or purer, it is on the contrary "a sterling play," a "heavily-charged satire," with a "distinct artistic meaning," and a "strong moral purpose." Well, we live and learn. Of Isaac Bickerstaff, the author of the *Hypocrite*, not much is known. It is on record, however, that, after acting as page to Lord Chesterfield, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he became an officer of marines, from which he was dismissed for some discreditable offence. Later in life he was obliged to fly the country, on suspicion of a capital crime, and died in exile. Mrs. Piozzi relates that when Bickerstaff's flight confirmed the report of his guilt, Thrale said, in answer to Dr. Johnson's astonishment, that he had long been a suspected man. "By those who look close to the ground, dirt will be seen, Sir," was the Doctor's reply; "I hope I see things from a greater distance." The *Examiner* critic is apparently able to reach the same lofty altitude. Unlike ordinary mortals, he sees things from a greater distance. But they are none the less impure.

PUGIN'S UNFINISHED CHURCH IN HULME.

The Very Rev. Dr. Turner, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, made a little speech, the other day after luncheon, which prompts us to offer him a polite suggestion. On the occasion referred to—the laying of the corner stone of the first Jesuit church in Manchester—the bishop recounted what had been done in the way of church building during the eighteen years of his episcopate. We don't remember the figures, nor is it necessary to quote them here if we did. It is enough to remark, that to the assembly he addressed the contrast must have been exceedingly gratifying. What we desire just now to suggest to Dr. Turner is this, that it might be well if the religious body which appears to have prospered so strikingly under his spiritual government would remember that there is a work remaining to be completed in the township of Hulme, the long-continued neglect of which is an indignity to art and to the memory of a great English artist, as well as a reproach to the whole Catholic body of Manchester. We don't know how many years ago—twenty, certainly—the late Mr. A. Welby Pugin, perhaps the greatest church architect that has arisen for the last two or three centuries, and without doubt one of the most eminent personal conquests of modern Catholicism, built the little church of St. Wilfred, in Bedford Street, Hulme. This edifice already bears such marks of premature antiquity as the chimneys of Manchester are cheerfully permitted to bestow. It is an architectural Ethiop. But what defies the blind malignity of municipal nuisance committees is the fact that it was planned by the hand and brain of a great master, to whom the English architectural *renaissance* is more indebted than to any other man. While all the Catholic church building has been going on referred to by Bishop Turner, this little church in Hulme has been rendered hideous by the want of a spire. There, for more than twenty years, it has sat, like the beautiful limbless statue in the Louvre, exciting the curiosity and the

commiseration of the gazer. There it sits in its dreary atmosphere, like some dismal architectural martyr that has been subjected to ruthless amputation by the Goths and the Visigoths of the time. We had an impression that the incumbent of St. Wilfred's, the Rev. Canon Toole, knew something of art, and was by no means destitute of interest in it. Until the building is completed, however, nobody will be able to believe it. In the meantime, will Dr. Turner cause further church building to be suspended until this tardy tribute is paid to the memory of a man of genius? Altogether, apart from the question of creeds, the public have an interest in beautiful buildings, and they are the common property of the community. If, as a great writer affirms, misery is the parent of ugliness, it is assuredly not less true that ugliness is the parent of misery.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE SHAM.

Do our readers remember a description which the author of "On the Rialto" once gave us of the Chamber of Commerce? "On searching into the exact position of the chamber," he wrote, "we found it to be, perhaps, the hollowest sham in Great Britain. It had weight all over England; the great London *Thunderer* reported it, and had leaders on its utterances; cabinet ministers received its deputations with a deferential courtesy; foreign and colonial representatives submitted to be coached by it. Little did they know that the number of individuals in all Lancashire who knew anything whatsoever about the Chamber was certainly not more than five hundred; that of that number certainly two hundred deliberately declined to be members of it because they believed it to be a useless sham; that of the three hundred who did support it with their guineas, at least two hundred did so because it had grown a habit with their firms to do so; and that not fifty people outside the directors themselves took the slightest interest in anything it said or did, or didn't say and didn't do. Least of all did they imagine that the Grand Annual Survey of the Chamber's proceedings was delivered to an audience that, for years together, never numbered twenty of the general body of the subscribers." No one impugned the truth of this description at the time it was written. The subsequent history of the Chamber has only confirmed its truth. As all readers of the daily papers would observe, the Chamber held one of its periodical meetings on Monday last. On Tuesday, each of the dailies contained reports extending over nearly three columns. Will it be credited when we state (what is really the fact) that Sir Edward Watkin made his long oration on the Bank Act to an audience of thirteen; and Mr. John Platt, M.P., spoke for nearly an hour to an assembly of five persons?

THE LATE OMNIBUS FARES.

We have reason to believe that more of the omnibus-guards were authorised to charge a shilling fare, at the late show, than we previously understood. Under these circumstances, perhaps, our remark about "many" of them presenting themselves with testimonials was a little more sweeping than known circumstances warrant. In comparison with 'bus-men, cabmen have been pitied. We recommend Mr. Mercier, or Mr. Tuson, to propose that the town should pay for a painting by one of them of the individual—if he can be found—who had the moral courage to offer a cabman who had driven him to or from the Agricultural Show, his proper fare. The driver who accepted it—in the event of his being found—might be painted by that one of the two artists who did not do the passenger; and the companion portraits of the two heroes might be hung up in the new town-hall.

DEATH AND THE LOCAL BENCH.

Three visitors have latterly been busy on the local bench, who do not wait to be appointed, put on the commission, or elected. Trouble, vice, and death have recently deprived us of four judges—county-court judge, borough stipendiary, chairman of quarter-sessions, county coroner: and now a fifth is added to the number. He was curiously appointed, he had curious coadjutors, he said curious sayings, he did curious deeds; yet now he is gone from us, one feels inclined to think that the new stipendiary for Salford—whoever he may be—may well make a worse magistrate than him whom he succeeds. The king is dead: long live the king! The players go off: the play goes on. We hope the three posts now vacant may be as well supplied as the two now filled.

THE MISSIONARY BOX.

THE annual reports of the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society do not, we should imagine, circulate extensively outside the class for which they are specially prepared. And yet, as illustrating one of the aspects of the religious life of England, these reports abound with material of interest, and without doubt, the picture of missionary zeal in this country, in its more rudimentary outlines and its more shadowy perspective, would be incomplete without it.

Since Peter the Hermit and the Crusades, the character of missionary work has been a good deal modified. The Crusades constituted a mission of vengeance rather than of conversion. The men in armour who, in the middle ages, swept over the East to confront the lightning of Turkish scimitars, cared more about thrashing the Ottoman than for changing his theological opinions. They liked cudgelling his body better than saving his soul. We moderns manage these things differently. From the Society for the Propagation *de fide* to that of the Primitive Methodists, what the teetotallers call "moral suasion," has characterised missionary intercourse with the heathen. To be sure, the Duke of Somerset, during the present session of parliament, complained that the missionaries in China were much too fond of employing an English gunboat to establish a right of way, and to compel reluctant audiences. This certainly can never have been true of the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society.

Wesleyanism, like the Church of the Vatican, has had its Luthers. All ecclesiastical bodies seem to bear within them the elements of reform or rebellion, just as it may be required. The precise relation of the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society to the great Wesleyan communion is not very well known, perhaps, to persons unfamiliar with the innumerable shades which theological opinion in this country is incessantly assuming. The term "primitive" seems to indicate the ruder and simpler forms of worship common to the time when Methodism was in its cradle. It may also be an expression of intolerance of the culture which means and leisure invariably produces in an organised corporation, and which is often regarded by its ruder adherents with an almost comical detestation. There are some peculiarities about the twenty-sixth annual report of the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society, published during the present year, which are not unworthy of notice. The society had its annual meeting in Manchester lately, but the report probably gives a better idea of the aims and means of the society, than could be gathered from isolated platform utterances. However primitive its principles may be, it is clear from the report that the society is like an army and "marches on its belly." In other words, it has an exchequer. The annual report, consisting of 117 pages, seems to show that it encourages contributors to its mission fund by the stimulatory publicity. There are no fewer than 86 pages of four columns each covered with the names of subscribers. The collectors seem to consist chiefly of the sex which has always been most susceptible of religious enthusiasm, the scores and scores of small-print columns record the year's accumulation—the "boxes" or "cards" of innumerable matrons and damsels and Sabbath-school children. "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," might have been a motto specially invented for the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society. The power of the penny is surprising. This society is literally a treasury of trifles. Such a balance sheet of widows' mites, in the infinitesimal character of these mission donations is, we should imagine, somewhat rare to see.

The collecting grounds of the society are divided into districts, and these are subdivided into circuits. The list of receipts from such circuits affords many points of curiosity and interest. Mrs. Dennis, of High Wycombe circuit, is put down at 152 farthings, the farthings, for the convenience of addition, being carried forward as 3s. 2d. "The Three Sisters' box" produces 6s. 6d. "Two boxes" club their aggregate annual collection at 3s. 7d. "Master Huntbach's box" produces a comparatively munificent amount, 11s. 6d.; but "Master Grosvenor's box" tops him by fourpence, being 11s. 10d., while "Master Goodwin's box" is responsible for 6s. 7d. "Miss Wycherley's box" and "Miss Wilkinson's box" have each attracted just half-a-crown per annum. "Miss Scragg's box" shows 11s. 2d. "Miss Mary

Ann Gallagher's card" gives 1s. 6d. "Master Maurice John Nicholas's box" brings 5s. The "Shavington collection" shows 11s. 6d. The "Pulverbatch collection" follows with 7s. 1d. "Mrs. Cadwallader's box" is down for the weighty aggregate of £1. 7s. One would have expected a little more from the "Angel Bank collection" than 3s. 2d. "Fractions" are entered at 4d. "Miss Halfpenny's box" is credited with 12s. The "Cwn-y-gaist collections" come to £1. 9s. 11d. The cards, and collections, and boxes, indeed, are almost innumerable. Judging by the great number of "Masters" and "Misses" who are recorded as emptying their boxes into the lap of the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society, it would seem as if Primitive Methodist children went into missionary harness early. The subscription list has literally its babes and sucklings. "Master W. H. Minchin's box" (seven months old)—the age refers, we conceive, to the contributor, and not the box—produces 3s. 1d. A young lady of two years, and another of four, will find that the contents of their respective boxes are duly acknowledged. William Fuller sends 300 farthings; Mrs. Pitcher's farthings come to 3s. 4d., and Miss Telling's farthings make 3s. 8d.

The entries are amusing in their oddity. The Colsterdale singers send £1. 4s. 1d. "St. Blazey's collection" and the "Air-balloon collection" put together show £2. 5s. 4d. The collection at Rhosllanerchrugog is set down at £1. 4s. 3d. Master Minchin (seven months old), and the young ladies of two and four years respectively, will read of the liberality of Rhosllanerchrugog with much pleasure. If Pope's poor Indian could only know how much he may be indebted to the contents of "Miss Babb's box," or the "Picklecotts collection," or the "Gritt collection," or "Mrs. Kneebone's card," or "Miss Pincher's book," or "Mrs. Whalebelly's box," that dusky idolater would not be ungrateful. The subscription list, primitive though it be, is not undecorated with titles of honour. Mesdames Edwards and Jones, and many other "Mesdames," who appear to collect in couples, have their joint achievements registered in one sum. There are "Esquires" in plenty, and there are four of them, all in a row in one place, down for 5s. apiece. This worldly ostentation, however, is amply atoned for by the charming simplicity of the next announcement—"Polly Knagg's box," £1. 6s.

The quaintest forms of contributions to the Primitive Missionary Society are not those in money, but those in kind. It is a pretty and a primitive fashion to give of the fruits of the earth. There is Mrs. Marshall's gleaning bag, and Mrs. John Airy's farm-yard tithe. Mr. J. Williams' profits of apple tree is 5s.; Mr. Davie's apple tree, 4s.; Mrs. Stone's apple tree must have been much larger, for it is down for 17s. 4d. The noblest thing in the way of apples we conceive to be the contribution of Master Bathe's apple tree, 5s. It is comparatively easy to give away apples if you don't like them or can't eat them, but to give away five shillings' worth of apples, for which your mouth has been watering as they ripened, day by day, ruddy and luscious, on their green and odorous branches!—Master Bathe's contribution partakes of the heroic. There are other apple trees and other pear trees in the report. Mrs. Vale's profits from damsons are there, and Mrs. Williams' damsons. Mrs. Starke's and Mrs. Bantam's pear trees produce together 7s., and there is profits on potatoes, 2s. 6d. But what is the meaning of "A missionary hen?" Miss King's missionary hen yields 3s., while another missionary hen in the Shildon circuit is entered at 5s. Do the sums represent the value of the birds when sold in the market, or the value of the eggs they have laid? If the latter, the missionary hen at Shildon has been laying to purpose. Mrs. Harris's missionary hen, however, has been laying to the tune of 19s. 2d. In the Malton district Mrs. Cattle's goose, at 5s., follows Mr. Peckit's ferret, at 4s. It must be a sharp test of the missionary zeal of a man who likes his pipe to part with his tobacco money. John Gibb's tobacco money amounts to 5s., but Mr. T. Jones's tobacco money (Jones being a heavier smoker) appears in the report for 13s.

Without doubt there is plenty of room for originality in the art of giving, and our Primitive Methodist friends appear to be cultivating it. What, for instance, are we to understand by the entry in the report, "Mr. Smith's bone box, £2. 1s. 0d.?" It is impossible that this can be a flippant way of announcing the sale to the doctors of the "remains" of anybody for a given sum. If it means that the osseous residue of the Smith dinners are worth two pounds one, it is clear that the donor is no vegetarian. Mr. Smith's bone-box is followed by W. Green's rat-trap, at 1s., and H. Chambers' hair cutting, 6s.—by no means a lucid entry—and Tantrum's profits of butter, 8s. 6d. What a boy's "lifeboat" has done to be down for a guinea, or a "young friend's coble" for £2. 16s., is more than we can guess. We can understand "Mrs. Would's weekly savings," at 4s. 4d., although one naturally wonders what the esteemed Would has to say about it. Finally, there is "C. Bridgman's rabbits," and "Box, card, and soft water," and "Mr. Summer's portraits," and "Mr. Cox's cork shavings," and somebody else's "match-box." In truth, the offerings in the report are as heterogeneous as the drift left on the shore by the tide.

The humility and the grotesqueness of Primitive Methodist giving, as shewn in the twenty-sixth missionary report, may make one laugh a little, but it has, nevertheless, a side which is not ignoble or ridiculous. Poor and queer as the offerings often are, they represent definite acts of that spirit of self-denial for the good of others, without which the world could never have been other than barbarian. Speaking generally and without offence, the Primitive Methodists are not a numerous, nor a rich, nor an educated body. Contrasted with the great religious organisations of England, they are few and poor, and destitute of literary culture, and are consequently narrow, illogical, and largely given to fanaticism; but they represent for all that (we were going to say therefore), a certain definite strata in the mind of England. In the revenue returns which we have been examining, one is inclined, perhaps, to wish away so many "cards" and "boxes" from the juvenile world. "Our young friends," and the 'school children," "children's money," and such items as "a child's pence (now in heaven), 4s. 4d.," are a little incongruous with religious and missionary ardour. Still, giving is not a bad habit to cultivate even in children. It will be a long time before it becomes the universal vice. One thing is clear, and that is, that this "poor relation" of the great Wesleyan body, can raise in the way we have shewn, an annual income of eighteen thousand pounds, and that nobody will be more glad of the fact than the society's secretary, Mr. Thomas Jobling.

PEDESTRIANISM *v.* GYMNASTICS.

THE remarks of a correspondent seem to call for a short consideration of the scheme for awarding the champion and proficiency gold medals at the Athletic Festival. There is the more need of this if it be kept in mind that Manchester is the Newmarket of the athletic world in the North. Her code of laws is adopted by Liverpool—when it can manage to get up a festival—and all the various meetings, and her medals, are looked up to as the most honourable and valuable that a winner can show.

There is an old rock on which a good many people founder, viz., the difference between Athletics and Gymnastics. A new one has been also heaved up of late for others to split upon, viz., the distinction between Pedestrianism and Gymnastics, in the Festival programme—as, for instance, in a would-be definition of jumping as a gymnastic exercise for the leg. To go back to primitives, the word "gymnast" was applied to any one who "stripped" and exercised himself, in any way, for exercise's sake. The "athlete" was a section of the whole class "gymnast," and meant any one who entered and competed for "prizes" at the public games, whether he ran, wrestled, boxed, rode, or threw the discus. Now-a-days, however, the general acceptation of the word "athlete" is that of a strong man trained, and exhibiting his strength, in natural exercises which demand no adventitious appliances or aids, but only call into use stout limbs and muscles. It is a vague, hazy notion at best, still, it is the current and popular one. As vague and undefined is that of a gymnast—any one who practises in a gymnasium. Now, as a gymnasium often, unfortunately, only contains the ordinary indispensable apparatus of parallel bars, horizontal bar, rings, trapeze, and horse, "gymnast" has come to signify, technically and particularly, a proficient in the exercises practised on these mechanical appliances. "Gymnastics," then, may be summed up as a system of *artificial* muscular development by means of extraneous and mechanical aids; "Athletics" as displays of *natural* strength, performed by the use of the limbs and muscles only, without the aid of any apparatus.

When the Athletic Festival—here the word athletic is used in its true sense—was first established, it was a mere experiment. The prizes could only be few. Not more, certainly, than two champion medals could be given—one for each of two great branches into which recreative exercise resolved itself. One for those exercises of skill and style more peculiarly practised in gymnasia and indoors, such as gymnastics, fencing, boxing, working clubs and dumb-bells; the other being awarded to the one who excelled in field-sports, such as running on the flat and over hurdles, jumping, and so on. These were included under one head—Pedestrianism.

But, in thus bifurcating the exercises, the promoters of the original festivals unwittingly struck the broadest and most natural division possible. It may be noticed that all the exercises coming under the general head "gymnastics" in the programme are such as call into play the arms *only*, or *mainly*, while those arranged under the head of pedestrianism call the legs only, or mainly, into play. Could a good word equivalent to hand or arm-work, as opposed to pedestrianism (foot-work) —from the Latin *pes*—be found, and used instead of the ambiguous term gymnastics, the difficulty would vanish. Manualism—from the Latin *manus*—is the exact counterpart, but it is ugly and unpopular, although certainly expressive and comprehensive. "Gymnastics," at any rate, will never now bear any meaning popularly than its more limited one of exercising on the five apparatus already particularised. The miscellaneous—according to some, heterogeneous—nature of the Athletic programme has been discussed and re-arranged far more than casual observers think. But the general opinion seems to be that, if once it is branched off from the two grand divisions, subdivisions would be endless, and the main object of the festival—the promotion of physical education—sadly interfered with.

The remarks of the correspondent who has suggested the above are, that jumping be eliminated from pedestrianism, and that defensive exercises have a champion medal assigned to themselves, in a separate class, as is done in various clubs—the Mechanics' Institute for example. Jumping, however, is essentially leg-work, pure, unaided, and natural. Pole-leaping, on the other hand, is not jumping at all, but vaulting, with the adventitious aid of a pole. The great Cumberland pole-leapers, and the equally great Lancashire amateurs, all "vault" resting the hands on the pole and shooting their bodies over the bar. Jumping is no mere knack. Of all exercises it is that which admits of most improvement by practice and steady work. The writer of this watched the progress of the best amateur jumper England has produced, from the time when he achieved 5ft., amid great cheers, until he accomplished 5ft. 10in. It took him two seasons of frequent practice and much competition, however, to do it. We remember the time when, after a fortnight's daily practice, we astonished ourselves by clearing 4ft. 6in. Inch by inch, however, after much toil, eight inches were put on that. Duckworth and Mitchell will say the same of themselves. Again, the contest for jumping is as exhausting as a race. At Manchester it is counted equal to a sprint or short race, although not equal to a long-distance race. The first prize for the former being a silver medal, for the latter a gold-centre.

That defensive exercises like fencing and single-stick occupy so prominent a part of the programme says much for the Manchester gymnasts (in the restricted sense of the word), for they have kept them up. They have been systematically encouraged in spite of small entries. In no other town do we see so much made of them. They are ignored at the great University and London Club Sports. No doubt in time they will be made more of in Manchester. It was expected that the Volunteers would take to them largely, but they have never done so. But that they should be singled out for special encouragement and distinction, and that the exercises which have all along kept them alive should be thrust aside, is not fair. Had it not been for gymnastics and gymnasias, we should have had no fencers and single-stick players. Should they disappear, defensive exercises would follow just as the mistletoe would die were the oak that supports it to be destroyed. As soon as fencing, single-stick, and bayonet-play are sufficiently popular and produce large entries, the festival committee will take care to keep pace with the times by offering a gold medal or challenge cup for defensive proficiency. Until then they would be overstepping the limits of their office if they did any such thing.

At present the objects of the festival—the greatest proficiency in the greatest number of exercises (1) in skill or strength of arm, (2) in swift ness or spring of foot—and the promotion of physical education work well, give general satisfaction, are more successfully attained every year. Why then should new, confusing, and unprofitable systems be tried?

THE HAYMARKET COMPANY.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

SPEED the Plough does not suit the company—at least, it does not suit those minor members of the company amongst whom its smaller parts were cast, and some of whom are as much below mediocrity as their more important colleagues are above it. The Haymarket Company really ought to revise the fag end of their list of members, or, at any rate, not put the fate of an important comedy in their feeble hands. But even the best members of the company were not fitted in this piece with opportunities for the display of their most exquisite characteristics. True, Mr. Chippendale was cast in the part of one of those crotchetty old baronets, in knee-breeches, in which he is unique; but Mr. Compton might as well have had an ordinary face and voice, for all the use his idiosyncracies were to him in a character which proved him to be a great actor even without them. Agricultural comedy—especially when intermixed with melodramatic tragedy—does not "go" like comedy of manners and society, and does not bring out half the excellencies of the company. Added to this, there was not an important actress in a good part in the piece. The comedy was very badly cast. If Miss Robertson had played Miss Blandford, things would have been better.

Strange to say, the piece was positively marred by its performance: for it is a sound old play at bottom. It is constructed quite on the old lines. Its first old man, and second too, are incontinently dubbed baronets, "in exactly the old, old way," for no reason on earth, apparently, but that it sounds well. The title of the piece is quite irrelevant to it; which, indeed, is not so very agricultural, after all. It is in the style of the *Poor Gentleman*, but not so effective. Thoroughly conventional—with many of the merits and demerits of the old conventionality—it possesses some of that force and power which dramatic writing had when characterisation was its first regard—not plot, as in a melodrama—but dialogue, as in the comedy of manners now. But it must not be supposed that it is equal to the masterpieces of old drama. It is wanting in a humourous story and effective situations; but it abounds in dialogue of a very high order of merit—being as full of plums as a Christmas pudding—yet generally flowing on as easily as water down a stream. Thomas Morton, its author —the father of the author of *Box and Cox*—was not a hot-house wit. His humour is not forced. There is not in his effects that evidence of effort and a memorandum-book which modern wit displays. Your enjoyment of them is not alloyed with an involuntary commiseration of the throes their author underwent in giving birth to them. They spring up greenly, for they are a natural growth. The morning dew is not brushed off them. The play is not written in points at which the players make a full stop while the audience roars—as if they had fired off a cannon and awaited the report; and as is the case in the best recent pieces—so much as that the whole dialogue is seasoned with the salt of wit, and keeps the ears erect in pleased attention. Here is a little study in antithesis: My father is, "as usual, full of contrivances that are impracticable, and improvements that are retrograde; forming, altogether, a whimsical instance of the confusion of arrangements, the delay of expedition, the incommodiousness of accommodation, and the infernal trouble of endeavouring to save it." Writing like this is to be enjoyed. Who has not experienced "the infernal trouble of endeavouring to save it"? In Mr. Chippendale as a crack-brained amateur

inventor, with a wife so loquacious that "she thinks no more of the latter end of her speech than she does of the latter end of her life"; in Mr. Kendal as an Admirable Crichton—"Oh, he can't earn his bread. Bless you, he's a genius!"—and in Mr. Compton as a downright, gawky, and good farmer, the interest of the comedy subsists. Its greatest drawback is a melodramatic plot that is worked out by other characters. There is a very wise child—Mr. Walter Gordon—who, however, is not so wise as to know his own father; and there is his father, who, after having betrayed his brother—Mr. Rogers—to such an extent that his brother's daughter has to wipe the "drops of anguish" from his brother's brow, "crawls in the dust, a repentant wretch." Such dialogue and such a plot are alien to the spirit of comedy. Moreover, there are gross improbabilities, exaggerations, and absurdities, throughout the play, which, like most others, deteriorates towards the end, and is full of the anachronisms and anomalies of the conventional drama. Eternal love established in five minutes at the beginning of the piece, utterly unnecessary separation with parental curse insisted upon in the middle, and inevitable betrothal with parental blessing at the end—are matters of course. The morality of the play, also, is unpleasantly raw; but it is sound. Much capital dialogue, and many good points and scenes, are made out of the unpromising material of the Hampshire farmer, and his wife; whose life is mainly spent in fear of a female neighbour, expressed in the well-known wonder, "what will Mrs. Grundy say?"

And what does Mrs. Grundy say? Why, Mrs. Grundy says the play has many good points, but wants incident and life. It would never be more than moderately successful, yet much of its indubitable merit was completely lost in the performance. Mr. Chippendale was, of course, inimitable. Mr. Compton was wonderfully effective, in a part quite out of his line, even with a touch of pathos in it, and a great deal of provincial dialect. Mr. Rogers had to be, and was, a very "heavy old man" indeed; but would have acted well, if he had known his words, and had not called his child "chee-ild," and villain "villin." Mr. Walter Gordon played his very difficult part in a manner that deprived it of much of its melo-dramatic ludicrousness —some of it being really well done; but his entrances and exits were, as usual, too quick. Mr. Kendal seemed to relish his by-play with Miss Gwynne, and danced and mimic'd ladies' conversation well, but was stiff-necked as ever. Mrs. Chippendale made the best she could of her character, but we never liked her less.

Now for censure. Miss Wright did not even know the words of a part which, well played, would not have been beneath the dignity of Miss Robertson; and Mrs. Laws's acting—acting indeed—would have disgraced a travelling booth. Few of the players knew their parts, but added, altered, and omitted at pleasure; a whole scene was left out; and even Mr. Compton made a ludicrous mistake. We suppose we should be violating the most sacred traditions of the green-room if we suggested Mr. Compton for Bob Handy. In some respects it would be absurd; yet we engage to say that Mr. Compton as Bob Handy, leaving the farmer's part to Mr. Howe, would make the play "go" as it never went before. But that Mrs. Laws's acting should be tolerated by the Haymarket Company, is monstrous.

Twelfth Night is an example of comedy in its infancy—when plot was dressing up a woman in man's clothes, when humour was buffoonery, when wit was bad punning, and when tableaux were unknown. But besides character and situation, there is some true wit, some true humour, and some true poetry in *Twelfth Night;* whilst a broadly-effective underplot, carried on by coarsely-humorous minor characters, atones for the absurd and crude main story. Scenes in which dukes and countesses declaim blank verse, fall in and out of love "in the crack of a whip," get to loggerheads over a woman in man's clothes so like a man as to be undistinguishable from him, and exeunt to rhymed tags—are alternated with scenes in which two drunken boobies and a clown play tricks upon a self-conceited steward and each other. There is much humour in the latter scenes, there is some poetry in the former; but there is more nonsense in the one, and more mediocre versifying in the other. Besides, the preposterous similarity of Sebastian and Viola, one's sense and taste are further repelled by a lovesick duke, who consoles his blighted affections with a fresh object in half-an-hour, and a poetical young countess, who sets her cap at youths whom she affects, in a most offensive manner. Nobody but Viola secures one's sympathies. The dialogue contains some gems of poetry, some genuine humour, and some sterling wit, but is chiefly remarkable for dangerous lunacy. After making some allowance for the age in which it was written, much of it is very poor and gross. When we read parts of Shakespere's plays, as when we read Tennyson's account of the meeting of "new year and old year," we sometimes think that it requires supreme genius to compose utter rubbish. Mediocrity cannot keep out a few gleams of intelligence; foolishness must insert some silly meaning; talents are not able to subdue all trace of merit; genius alone can write sheer imbecility. *Curio:* Will you go hunt, my lord? *Duke:* What, Curio? *Curio:* The hart. *Duke:* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have. A man is made to dress himself up, is called Curio in the bills, and the attention of two thousand people is attracted to him, while he asks his lord, on a most inappropriate occasion, will he go hunt—all in order that his lord may make a villainous bad quip! Such writing is feebler than infantile. The artifice is not merely obvious, but proclaimed on the house tops. Dialogue like this is a building with the scaffolding left up. Nay, it is the scaffolding without the building. It is a mountain that brings forth a mouse ridiculous indeed. Yet it is a sample of much of the dialogue in *Twelfth Night.* Many of the Clown's speeches are interesting as instances of what was once considered wit; but we protest, with Malvolio, that we "take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies." The numerous beauties and effective fragments of the dialogue have been too often pointed out to need allusion, which we have not space for.

Mr. Buckstone's style of humour is exactly suited to the representation of the besotted old poltroon who has done harm to his wit by eating too much beef. Indeed, the play is chiefly interesting for the contrast it presents between the styles of Mr. Buckstone and of Mr. Compton. Mr. Compton makes a thoroughly Shakesperian fool. Shakespere looks out of every motion of his body, face, and voice. He almost invests his author's most inane conceits with meaning, and his most barren jests with wit. Mr. Howe makes the best of the Duke. The part of Maria fits the masculine boldness of Mrs. Fitzwilliam like a pair of tights. Mr. Rogers's portrayal of one of those coarse, brawling roysterers in whom sweet William revelled, is one of his best performances; Mr. Chippendale's Malvolio is another proof of his imperial genius; and Viola, the sweet and gentle maiden in boy's clothes, is excellently suited to Miss Robertson. But the absurdity of brother and sister being so like as to confuse even their lovers cannot help but be enhanced by actual representation to a ludicrous degree. The idea of anyone mistaking Mr. Weathersby for Miss Robertson is too preposterous. Oh, Shakespere, Shakespere!

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THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

THE Prince's Theatre was announced to open last evening (Friday), with the National Anthem, an address from Mr. Calvert, and *Much Ado about Nothing*. During the recess the house has undergone a general renovation and extensive improvements, with the object of increasing the accommodation, and adding to the comfort of playgoers. With our contemporary, the *Architect*, we congratulate the management on having secured the services of Mr. H. S. Marks, "the broad decorative character of whose works promises fair to bring painting and architecture into a closer union than they have hitherto enjoyed." From that journal we quote the subjoined brief account of Mr. Marks's work, concerning which, as well as upon the alterations generally, we hope to have something to say hereafter:—

"Mr. Marks, has adopted for the Manchester proscenium a somewhat more monumental arrangement than that in his admirable work at the Gaiety. Broadly speaking, the design may be described as composed of two groups of eleven figures each, divided by a throne occupied by a figure of Shakespere. On the steps of the throne sit allegorical figures of Tragedy and Comedy, and sitting figures are again introduced in the midst of each group. The eleven figures to the throne's right are Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, Ophelia; then comes the *sitting* figure, Old Lear, with his absent thoughts, and the Fool his 'boy,' as he so often called him, trying to cheer him; then follows the second portion of the tragic group—Romeo, Juliet, Cæsar, Coriolanus, and Timon of Athens. On the other side of the throne stand Prospero, Shylock, Touchstone, Audrey, Puck, and then, to balance Lear, the *sitting* figure of the gross knight, Sir John Falstaff; beyond these, Benedict, Beatrice, Henry VIII., Richard III., and Henry IV. The background is divided horizontally into two parts, the lower being painted a very quiet stone-grey, the upper a Chinese blue. Behind the throne, against the blue ground, is a group of young trees, bearing fruit; in the space over Falstaff is a sapling in blossom, and in that over Lear a blighted tree. The standing figures very nearly fill the entire height of the space, and are fully as large as those on the Gaiety proscenium. The treatment, in the total absence of anything like shadow or shade, is one eminently adapted to wall-painting.

HOME SCENERY.

THE *Saturday Review*, premising that "the kind of scenery from which the greatest amount, as distinguished from the greatest intensity, of enjoyment can be derived, is that which lies intermediate between the unconspicuous but pleasant scenery which lies at our doors, and the grand peaks and snowfields and fiords which are most striking at first view," gives a description of two or three picturesque districts in England which are comparatively unknown to tourists. Two of these districts are easily rendered from any part of Lancashire, (one, in fact, is partly in Lancashire), and we accordingly quote the writer's account of them :—

THE VALLEY OF THE LUNE.

How few English tourists explore the valley of the Lune! and yet there is none more noble among English valleys, and none of which the tributary streams are finer. Travelling by rail to the Lakes, you skirt it for some little distance in its lower course, and see the Castle of Lancaster, that watches over its exit into the sea; but few perhaps of those who pass by it trouble themselves so much as to ask its name, and very few indeed track its upper course. Yet at Kirby Lonsdale there is all that can make scenery delightful; a perfectly clear green stream, surrounded by great slabs of rock, above which is an undulating park-like country of splendid trees, that gradually lifts itself into the lofty moorland ridges. Among those ridges you can trace the little stream of Easegill, where the sharp gritstone rocks alternate with the smooth limestone, hollowed out into deep pots by the winter torrents, where the grass is of the greenest, and where the main stream is of a deep chocolate brown; but in a small side glen the water lies clear and uncoloured under lofty precipices. Above Kirby Lonsdale the Lune is joined by the Rothey, which takes its rise near Wildboar Fell, and by the little stream of Dentdale. Nothing can be finer than these valleys. They are open and cheerful, and yet not too broad; each of them is bounded, on the one side by high and precipitous hills, on the other by a lower range, intersected with numerous woody ravines, each commanding a full view of the Lake mountains. A waterfall near the head of Rotheydale, called Codley Spout, is said to be three hundred feet high, and the highest in England; while the village of Dent is interesting in another way, as the birthplace of one of the first of English geologists. From the top of Rotheydale a few miles' walk brings you to Kirby Stephen, in a wild and rugged country: the pass from hence to Muker, at the head of Swaledale, has a wide prospect; but more celebrated, and perhaps more striking, is what is called the Buttertubs Pass, which leads from Muker to Hawes in Wensleydale. From this point Ingleborough stands out with great grandeur. Wensleydale is one of the best known of the Yorkshire dales, from its numerous waterfalls; but Swaledale is in itself the finer valley, and there is one little piece of it above Muker which has never received the attention it deserves. The dale here becomes a deep narrow gorge considerably wooded, and in the middle of it the Swale tumbles down a precipice of some thirty feet, making a very picturesque fall. The road avoids this glen, and takes a short cut down a side valley to Muker; but the longer route is much to be preferred by all who have time, and who do not object to rather a scrambling path.

THE VALLEYS OF NORTH DERBYSHIRE.

Sheffield is but twelve or fourteen miles distant from the wildest parts of North Derbyshire; and here there is much to be seen which is generally overlooked. Few of those who go to see the rocks and caverns at Castleton penetrate into the upland valleys which lie to the north. There are not in these any mountain forms so striking as those of Ingleborough and Penyghent, nor is there any great abundance of waterfalls, but the moorlands are yet wilder than those of Yorkshire, and the edges with which they overhang the valleys bolder and rockier. Foremost among these is Fairhead Naze, at the head of Ashopdale, a massive promontory that stands out from the range behind, and is seen from the whole lower part of the valley, but is hidden as you approach it, and then reappears with almost startling effect a little above the Snake Inn. The valley of the Ashop is called the Woodlands, a name which must not be taken to imply any great amount of vegetation; it is merely another form of Woldlands. Yet in the lower part of Ashopdale there is no lack of trees; and even in the upper parts, wherever a mountain stream has hollowed out for itself a ravine in its descent from the hills, this is filled with birch and ash and fir. Very curious is it in many of these spots to notice the effect of the wind The trees grow firmly and strongly as long as they are protected by the walls of the gorge on each side of them; but if ever they thrust their heads above the top of this, they are beaten down by the blasts that blow over the moorland, and made to push out their branches sideways and downwards in curious and intricate involutions. High up among the hills, again, there are great scatterings of rock and cliff here and there, such as Alport Castles, in the valley of the Alport, which joins the Ashop from the north; here there has evidently been at some remote time a slip in the mountain side, and down between the cliffs among the ruinous masses of stone may be seen the bluish-black bilberries and the red berries of the mountain ash. South of Ashopdale, and separated from it by the loftiest and wildest of these ridges, lies Edale, a valley some seven or eight miles long, quite shut in by steep hills; the head of it, near the hamlet of Upper Booth, is specially beautiful. Here two streams meet, each making frequent miniature falls along a narrow glen, and there are some fir-trees singularly fine, considering the height above the sea at which they grow. The loneliness of the spot is remarkable; the inhabitants seem to keep themselves steadily out of sight, either in their houses, or perhaps pursuing other work upon the hills. Kinderscout is the highest of the hills in these parts (1,981 feet above the sea); it touches the heads both of Ashopdale and Edale, but the valley over which it immediately overhangs is that of the Kinder, a stream which, after a picturesque course of a few miles, enters the manufacturing district, and runs purple or dirty red beneath heaps of refuse and the smoky chimneys of mills. The Goyt and Etherow, two of the border streams of the county, have a similar origin, and, unhappily, a similar fate. Even the Derwent, the largest of the Derbyshire rivers, is not entirely free from these pollutions. It is difficult to say whether

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Matlock, than which there can originally have been few more striking places in England, has been more ruined by the influx of tourists, and of tourist-directing placards, or by the smoky mills, one of which, just under the High Tor, has made a circle of black and withered trees among the surrounding green.

A DEFENCE OF THE "HYPOCRITE."

[FROM THE "MANCHESTER EXAMINER."]

AMONG the best products of the strongest intellects we now and then come upon one or two good to ponder, healthy to like, but unnecessary—if, indeed, not a trifle inconvenient—to talk much about. These are your heavily-charged satires upon the worst parts of us. The thing that is perhaps prôperest to do is to recognise their truthfulness without pru dery, though with a sufficient amount of suitable shame. People experience, too, a similarly-derived reserve whenever they meet with any very exquisite delineation of anything of a more sacred beauty than the common. In short, whenever anything occurs that touches us the most nearly, whether in our height or in our lowness, it is, by common consent, bad manners not to hold our tongues. We have this rule gently hinted at in the first scene in *King Lear*. ("What should Cordelia do? Love—and be silent.") There are things in Tennyson you would rather leave the room than hear read aloud. But a truce to metaphysics, and let us say what we may about the *Hypocrite*. The slight, but unmistakable hostility shown from a certain quarter of the house on Saturday evening, during the equivocal scene in the fourth act, served to exhibit the sad misapprehension which existed of, we needn't say the strong moral purpose of the play, but of the allowance which ought to be made in judging of art in difficulties. As to the moral of the *Hypocrite*, we dislike to defend any sterling play upon such grounds. All good work is moral. In this particular instance it was the author's impulse, rather than his object, to show the hideousness of sin disguised as religion. The better to effect this he employed the strange power which resides in contrast. He has represented outward piety co-existing with inward indecency. Better to have a potent medicine, even if it be a little nauseous. If the licentious element in the comedy had been introduced merely to tickle the ears of libertines, it would have been vulgar and intolerable. But, as it is, it has a distinct artistic meaning, and is entirely subservient to the honest moral. It is true that this kind of literary coarseness is unfashionable in this superfine age, but then, so is the strong moral. And to pick out the carrion thus, is not only ignorant, but it is immodest. To use a familiar term, what is called refinement "cuts both ways," for the gloss which hides licence hides the strong moral lesson also. If there were no immorality in the world, no lessons would be wanted, but it is sheer poltroonery to pretend an elegant horror of exposure, and wink at sin.

CIVIL BUT EASY SERVICE.—An hon. member told the House of Commons last week that in reading the *Guide to the Civil Service* he was astonished to find how little time the members of that service devoted to the public advantage. He did not know whether it was so in the Rolls Office, but those gentlemen, it seemed, went to work about ten o'clock and left at four, and between those hours they generally spent an hour at lunch, and another hour in reading the *Times*. (Laughter.)

When you find yourself unpopular with those amongst whom you live, or with the world in general, do not ask yourself what you have done, but what you have said, to produce this unpopularity.—*Arthur Helps.*

THACKERAY IN IRELAND.—One day Thackeray was driving along an Irish road, at due intervals along the sides of which posts were set, with figures of distances and the initials G. P. O. Overtaking a peasant in a jaunting car, he inquired the significance of these initials. The man gravely informed him that they stood for "God Preserve O'Connell!" Out came the tourist's note-book, in which a memorandum was at once jotted down of the curious fact. In the first edition of the *Sketches* the fact was duly mentioned, but it was suppressed in all subsequent issues, owing to the tardy discovery that the initials stood for "General Post Office," indicating that the highway was a post-road.

THE CORPORATION AND ITS BUILDING LAWS.—The President of the Manchester Society of Architects at a recent general meeting of that body, urged the importance of consolidating all the clauses affecting buildings now in force in this city. No steps, he said, "have yet been taken by the Corporation, so far as we know, to carry out this most desirable object. Its importance, however, is so great, and its usefulness so obvious, that probably only the pressure of other business has prevented its being attended to. For want of such consolidation, all parties are apt to be misled—builders, architects, members and officials of the Corporation alike; and if the City Council desire only to secure safe and wholesome house-building, there can be nothing gained by having a hazy atmosphere hanging round all the legislative enactments which are expected to be observed."

CHARLES AND JOSEPH SURFACE.—Dr. Nares deemed it a fault of taste that Sheridan should have assigned the name of Surface to the two famous brothers alike. "If," wrote the doctor, "the hypocrite hero of the *School for Scandal* is to be baptized Joseph *Surface*, his brother ought to have stood in the *dramatis personæ* as Charles *Bottom*." This curious objection would have been obviated if Sheridan had adhered to his original intention, disclosed in his first manuscript of the comedy, of naming the brothers Plausible and Pliant respectively. But in truth the objection is of little worth; the morality of Joseph and the immorality of Charles may be equally regarded as matters of surface, and the surname may be assigned to both, therefore, without impropriety. The wisdom of the time-honoured practice of describing fictitious characters by means of peculiarity in their surnames, is another question. Perhaps what is gained by the system in convenience is lost in truth-seeming. Except in the cases of Shallow and Slender, Shakespere has rarely had recourse to its aid.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, LOWER BROUGHTON.—An article on this new church, which was consecrated on Saturday last, is unavoidably held over until next week.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester

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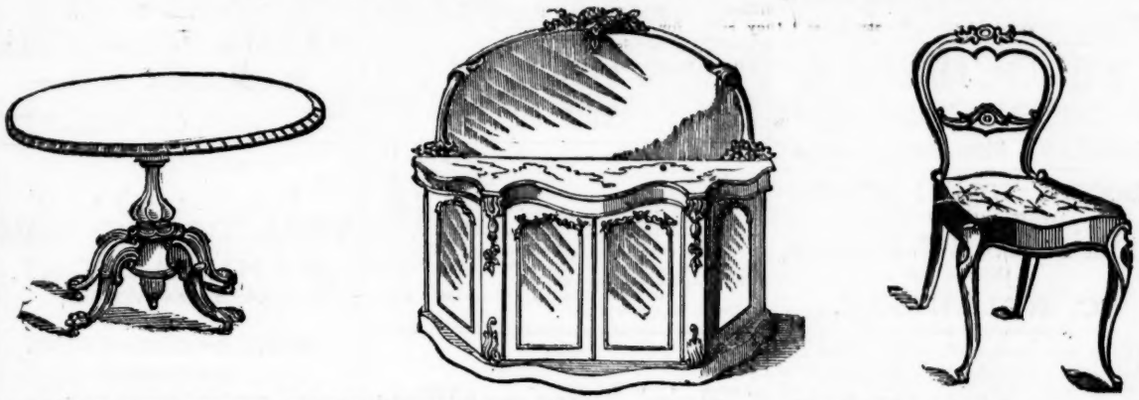

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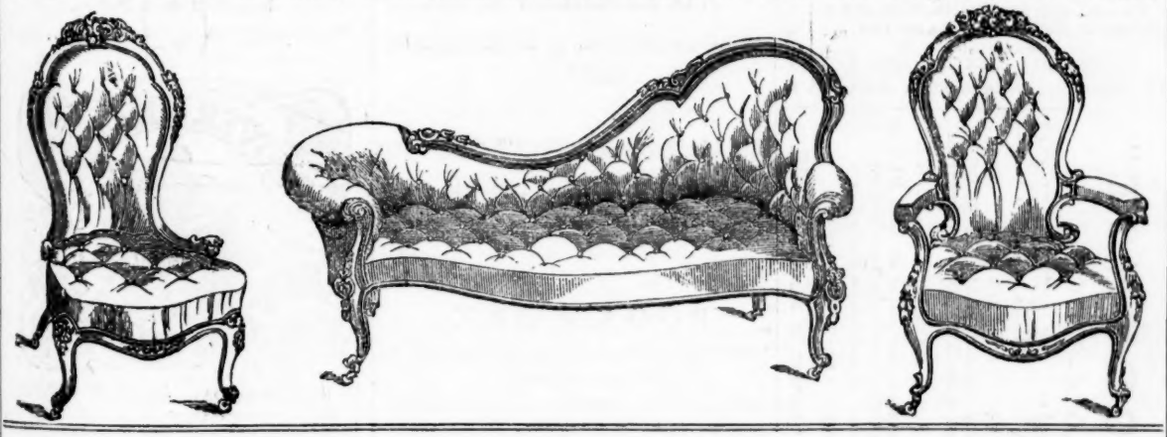

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